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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

ECONOMIZE SOMEWHERE ELSE.

The Nicaragua Canal bill has been killed in the House to prevent competition with the transcontinental railroads. That, of course, is the real reason, but the nominal reason is one of economy. Chairman Cannon, of the House Committee on Appropriations, speaking for Thomas B. Reed, announced that the condition of the Treasury would not permit us to spend \$20,000,000 a year for six years on the construction of the Nicaragua Canal—that the country was too poor to afford such a luxury.

If we take that profession seriously it becomes necessary to see whether we are spending money in any other direction for things that can be better spared than the canal.

A COUNTRY THAT IS TOO POOR TO DIG THE NICARAGUA CANAL IS TOO POOR TO HAVE A \$640,000,000 GOVERNMENT.

IT IS TOO POOR TO HAVE AN \$82,000,000 ARMY.

IT IS TOO POOR TO PAY \$145,000,000 A YEAR FOR PENSIONS.

IT IS TOO POOR TO PAY THE RAILROADS \$40,000,000 A YEAR FOR \$20,000,000 WORTH OF WORK IN CARRYING THE MAILS.

It is the rankest folly to spend scores of millions on our military establishment and neglect our greatest military need. If Napoleon were writing a primer of strategy, the first A B C lesson he would give would treat of the importance of so disposing your force as to be able to move it on shorter lines than those that would have to be followed by your enemy. With a fortified Nicaragua Canal in our possession, an American fleet in Lake Nicaragua would be able to move either east or west in time to repel any attack from Europe. Sixty per cent of the naval strength required without the canal would abundantly answer our purposes if we had it.

At a recent German agrarian meeting Baron Manteuffel, raving against America, exclaimed:

HAD WE INCREASED OUR NAVY SOONER THE UNITED STATES WOULD NOT HAVE DARED TO USE SUCH LANGUAGE TOWARD GERMANY.

So Germany, with four million trained soldiers at command and the finest military organization in the world, looks upon a navy as the only available weapon against the United States. Her splendid battalions count for nothing as long as we hold the sea. And the Nicaragua Canal is the key to the dominion of the ocean. It would be equivalent to doubling our navy.

The Senate has the whole matter in its hands. The annual cost of supporting the army is about \$1,000 per man. The \$20,000,000 a year we have expected to spend on the Nicaragua Canal for the next six years represent the cost of supporting 20,000 soldiers. **LET THE SENATE STRIKE OFF 20,000 MEN FROM THE NUMBER IT WOULD OTHERWISE ALLOW, AND PROVIDE IN THE ARMY BILL FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL AS A MILITARY NECESSITY.** Let the House take the army with the canal or go without any additional soldiers at all.

Speaker Reed's patrons, the transcontinental railroads, have taken a trick, but the people have not yet played their last card.

SURPRISES OF
ADVANCED
WOMANHOOD.

At the National Council of Women the Utah delegates, headed by one of the widows of the late Brigham Young, have made a determined fight for the polygamist Roberts, and this is said to be the extraordinary result of their efforts.

They went further than this and laid down the law to the effect that if in the face of their earnest protest an anti-Roberts resolution is considered and passed they will resign from the Council. This withdrawal they would publish to the world as due to religious persecution.

This would mean a most undesirable shrinkage in the Council funds, a shortage it would not be an easy matter to make up. Accordingly, the members of the Council were individually instructed to-day that it would be inadvisable to have an anti-Roberts resolution passed.

The threat has apparently had the desired effect, for to-day the four youngest women of the Council, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery and Rev. Anna Shaw, stand pledged to defeat an anti-Roberts resolution. Because of this the Mormon delegates are jubilant.

This little band of Mormon delegates, who came to Washington at an expense, it is stated in the Council, of \$2,000, are well supplied with money. They have contributed most lavishly to the expenses of the Council this season. From the start they have declared themselves resolved to defeat the anti-Roberts resolution at any cost.

Are we to understand that the typical "advanced women" of the nation are ready to surrender the most cherished ideals of womanhood and condone the degradation of their sex for the sake of money to pay the bills of their conventions? If so, there will be a revival of appreciation of old-fashioned women.

ANOTHER
ARMOR-PLATE
JOB.

The long fight between Congress and the armor-makers over the question whether armor plates could be made for \$200 a ton or not was settled last year by the surrender of Congress, which, under the stress of war, authorized contracts to be made at \$400. This was agreeable to the manufacturers, and contracts for the armor for the battle ships Alabama, Illinois and Wisconsin were promptly made at that rate.

In the new Naval Appropriation bill just reported by the House Committee on Appropriations the authorized price of armor is raised to \$545 per ton. That would mean an increase of about \$400,000 in the cost of each new battle ship. This mere bonus to the armor manufacturers would build a good gunboat or small cruiser for every battle ship. Whose job is this? How did it sneak into this bill? What is there in it?

GRATITUDE
AND
THRIFT.

The refusal of the American members of the Anglo-American High Commission to agree to certain concessions asked by the Canadians has caused the London Chronicle to charge us with base ingratitude.

Great Britain has lately given the States many proofs of her good will to America on its entering a new field of national endeavor, therefore it was fair to suppose that America would have been glad to strain a point to meet us.

There is no sentiment in the deliberations of the commission. It was created to discuss and settle in a practical way questions concerning the commercial relations between Canada and the United States. Tariff rates were to be adjusted, and certain boundary

lines to be determined. If a disagreement was reached it was due to the unusual demands of the Canadians. The differences, however, are not so wide that they may not be bridged by mutual concessions. It is exceedingly bad taste for the London Chronicle to remind us of that little spat on the back during the trouble with Spain. We are grateful, to be sure, for England's show of good feeling, but we do not expect to be called upon to pay dividends on our gratitude for all time to come.

ONE OF THE
"ENEMIES HE
HAS MADE."

Miles at a banquet in Cincinnati on Tuesday. He said:

If the Board of Inquiry reaches the same conclusion as the War Investigating Commission, then the Commanding General of the United States army will be dismissed from the service. In the time of great importance, the time that meant much to the destiny of the country and the world, the Commanding General was in the rear of the victorious army, crying "Beef!" "Beef!" He should be dismissed from the service that he belongs to, and not reduced in rank. The Commanding General was the only officer who refused to testify; the only man who had not a good word to say about his fellow officers; the only one who manifested jealousy. Again I say, he should be dismissed from the exalted position he occupies.

This ill-tempered assault upon General Miles is worthy of notice only because it furnishes new evidence of the unfairness of this discredited whitewashing commission, whose sole purpose was to exalt Alger, condone the scandals of the War Department, and assail every one that dared to expose the frauds of the Beef Trust. General Miles must be driven from the service because he refused to remain silent while corrupt officials and thieving contractors had conspired to poison his soldiers.

It is not surprising that a commission which found Alger competent, Shafter efficient, Egan a gentleman, and all the other blundering underlings of the War Department worthy of commendation, should find nothing to admire in the honest, courageous General Nelson A. Miles.

FIRST
EAGAN, NOW
CORBIN.

Unusual efforts are being made by the friends of the Administration to secure the passage of the bill to make Adjutant-General Corbin a major-general before Congress adjourns. This is in keeping with President McKinley's plan to reward every official in the War Department who, through favoritism or incapacity, helped to increase the middle of our army mismanagement or insulted faithful officers who had earned Alger's disfavor. Corbin was simply another name for Alger. Through him filtered the orders that ignored and reflected on General Miles. If he did one brave or worthy act during the war that would entitle him to recognition the public has no knowledge of it. His chief business seemed to be to retard the work of better men, who were risking their lives on the battle field.

Congress should refuse to be a party to the promotion of unfit War Department pets. The bill to advance Corbin is of a piece with the remuneration of Egan. It is an encouragement to bureaucratic insolence and malice. Let the President stand alone as a rewarder of demerit.

ALGER TOO
MUCH
FOR BOSTON.

President McKinley was the guest of the Home Market Club in Boston yesterday. Secretary of War Alger and three other members of his Cabinet accompanied him. As the Presidential party drove through the streets Alger was repeatedly hissed, and derisive cries of, "Beef!" "Beef!" were heard from the crowd.

It is not pleasant to see a high official publicly insulted and humiliated, but Alger has richly earned the affront that conservative Boston gave him. There is no village in America where he would be safe from the hisses of an indignant people.

The White House alone has failed to heed the increasing storm against Algerism, and if the hisses that greeted the Secretary of War in Boston reached the President's ears he made no sign.

MERRITT'S
LITTLE
MISTAKE.

After General Merritt had been selected to command the Philippine expedition he wrote a letter to the President from which the following is an extract:

I desire to point in very emphatic terms to the fact that the volunteers from the Northwest are not as well drilled or disciplined as those from any State in the East or Interior. For that reason I urgently request the number of regular troops I have asked for.

These are the same volunteers that swam rivers, faced hidden, savage foes and engaged them in hand-to-hand combat in the fighting around Manila. What they lacked in drilling or discipline they made up in native courage, dash and energy.

General Merritt would probably be willing to admit now that even military experts can sometimes make mistakes.

An Imposition on Theatre-Goers.

Editors of the New York Journal: I suggest to you the propriety of the Journal making up the imposition which the theatre-going people of this city are subject to. Let me give you two personal instances: A little while ago I applied to the box office of a theatre a week or so in advance for some desirable seats. I was told they were sold. I went to a ticket agency, applied for the same tickets and was told they would send to the theatre for them, and if I would come in the following day I would get the tickets. I did so, got the tickets, paying the agency an advance of half a dollar on each seat. More recently I applied to a theatre eleven days in advance for some orchestra seats, and was told that every seat had been sold for weeks. I went again to a ticket agency, and was told they would send to the theatre and get me the seats I wanted, and if I would call I could obtain them. I did so and got the seats I wanted by paying the half dollar additional. Every one who goes to the theatre observes these agencies returning a short time before the performance to the box office the tickets they have been unable to dispose of. The price of \$2 per seat is large anyway, and then to tax the public an additional half dollar a seat because the theatres want to "stand in" with these ticket agencies is an outrage. If the theatres want to dispose of their tickets through these agencies without any additional charge to the public no one will object. I suggest that the Journal, with its far reaching influence, should agitate the passage of a law by the Legislature forbidding any one selling tickets at greater than box office prices. If the Journal will investigate this matter and take it up I am sure it will meet with a sympathetic response from our citizens.

A Sad Case.

"Was Beatrice weeping because her husband had appendicitis?" "No, she wept because he didn't get it until it was too late."

FATHER DUCEY ON POOR MEN'S CLUBS.

PRESENT CONDITIONS MAKE THE SALOON A NECESSITY.

By Rev. Father J. Ducey.



DO not believe that the saloon is an absolute necessity, but I do believe that so long as present social conditions exist the saloon will exist. It is made an attractive place for many a young man and many an over-taxed father who returns from a hard day's work to a few stuffy, uncomfortable rooms, mockingly called "home."

The influence of present social conditions forces many a man to seek relief and temporary comfort in what he considers his local club room, the attractive saloon.

I believe the present effort to establish comfortable clubs for the working people who are forced to live in crowded rooms or in some cold and cheerless lodging is a step in the right direction. For years, knowing what I do of the struggling and suffering of the respectable poor, I have been of the opinion that every large city should be prepared for emergencies. If numbers of these clubs had existed in the crowded parts of the city during the past twelve days, when we have been suffering with cold and hemmed in by storms, many working men and women would have been saved the shivering cold and pangs of hunger.

Two years ago I made an effort quietly to prepare for such emergencies as the one of the past week, and to bring relief to the destitute and struggling poor. It was at the climax of hard times. I knew by positive knowledge that there was great suffering among the idle but honest and industrious poor. The New York Journal was distributing food and clothing throughout the city.

The Salvation Army was doing a noble work. Many churches and ministers of religion were seeking to do all that their limited means would permit them for the sufferers. It was greatly to be regretted that no organized public effort was taken by representatives of various denominations in New York. We Catholics, of course, as every one knows, are always dealing with the poor and very frequently with the destitute. The St. Vincent de Paul Society has its organization in all parts of New York. Our limited means would not permit us to do the impossible. A number of ladies and gentlemen, educated, refined and in comfortable circumstances, both Protestant and Catholic, had complained to me that organized religion seemed to be unmindful of its task, and that some public steps should be taken that the honest working classes might not be to some extent alienated from the various churches.

I consulted with one of the most eminent non-Catholic clergymen of a certain persuasion, and asked him what he thought of calling together representatives of various religious denominations and taking public action, so that the less favored among the children of men would see that various religious denominations were not unmindful of their sufferings.

I requested him to omit my name from the call and to do me the favor of not mentioning that I had made the suggestion. The call was made on this dignitary, if my memory serves me rightly, some time about the middle of January. On or about February 14, I think, Lincoln's birthday, we had a starting of snow and sleet. In the morning, after a storm of snow and sleet, I received a letter from the distinguished ecclesiastic, who had always been very polite and kind to me, informing me that he had communicated with a number of gentlemen, clergymen and others of his denomination, and had received from them the answer that there was no more destitution in New York

at that time than was usual every winter season. I was "sorry for these gentlemen." I wrote in answer to the communication: "It is very easy to sit at one's desk before a crackling fire and come to such a conclusion, but if these gentlemen were in touch with the times and conditions of the people they could have learned from the reports of the organized charities of the city that the Charity Organization Society needed funds; that Mr. Jasper, of the Board of Education, and several teachers in the public schools made statements that many children came to class hungry and without food." These hard worked teachers increased the size and quantity of their lunches each day and invited some hungry ones to lunch with them.

It strikes me that if that meeting had been called, and public action had been taken, an emergency fund would have been created and so placed as to earn just interest, the principal being always available in cash, had the occasion presented.

What a blessing it would have been if Bishop Potter, Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Huntington and men of such power and influence with the wealthy had, by the aid of the wealthy, started this fund.

I say a blessing, because for the past eight or nine days, during the storms and cold, arrangements could have been made to seek out deserving poor, and so almost prevent the suffering, destitution and death all around us.

Portions of that fund could have been sent to various charities if they were in need of money, and trustworthy visitors employed to seek out others who might avail themselves of the use of the emergency fund to supply coal and necessary provisions.

I trust to see the interest in workingmen's clubs grow throughout the city, a great increase of justice and brotherly love manifested by the rich and highly favored toward their struggling brethren.

THOMAS J. DUCEY.

THE BILL TO TAX INCOMES.

"THE CRY OF UNJUST TAXATION HAS REACHED THE SKIES AT LAST."

By Senator Henry J. Coggshall.



UNDER the inspiration of the Governor's recent message a new impetus has been given to the subject of tax reform in this State. In this remark I do not refer to the agitation of the single taxers or to the opponents of taxing personal property, but to the subject of taxation in general.

The people are ripe for a complete revolution in our present unjust system of tax assessment. Our entire tax amounts to seventy-nine millions annually. This does not include the municipal and local school tax. Of this vast amount twenty millions is State tax. It is a significant fact that while in the last ten years our town and county tax has increased only 1 1/2 per cent, while the State tax has increased 100 per cent, and now, with the proposed improvement of our highways, forest preserves, institutions and canals, the State tax will soon reach the enormous sum of thirty millions, or nearly one-half of our entire tax assessment. It may well be asked, What can be done to meet this emergency? The cry of unjust taxation has reached the skies, and all classes are clamoring for relief, and in the struggle the small taxpayer is the greatest sufferer. Our present system of taxation is a financial chaos. It is high time that something was done.

THE Coggshall bill has come none too soon. It makes a complete revolution in the whole system of tax assessment.

First—It proposes to separate the State tax from the local.

Second—It proposes to raise the entire State tax through the inheritance, corporations, franchise and income tax. The income tax will levy one-half per cent on all incomes above \$1,500 up

to \$5,000, one per cent on all incomes above \$5,000 up to \$10,000, and one-half per cent to be added to every additional \$10,000. The Comptroller is so authorized to increase the rate as to meet hereafter all State expenses.

Third—As an offset to the income tax the tax on personal property is abolished for all State expenses. Strict measures are provided to secure an honest collection of the income tax.

Fourth—The offices of State Assessor and Board of Equalization are abolished, thereby saving a large expense to the State. The State assessors being provided for in this way, there is no tax left for the people to pay except to meet their own local expenses.

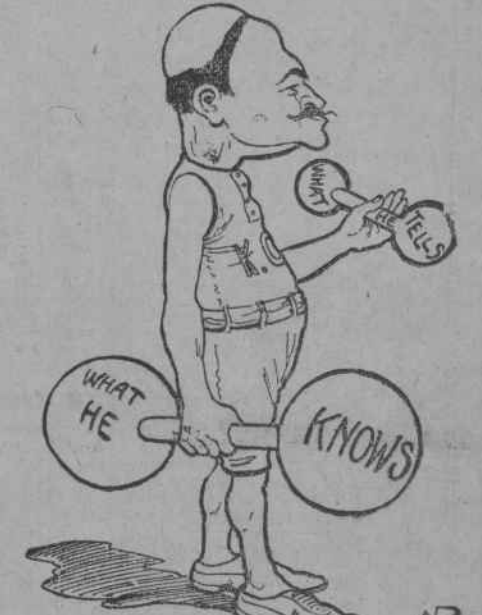
Fifth—The town and county expenses are to be raised as follows: The Board of Supervisors of each county, at their first meeting after this bill becomes a law, shall decide by a majority vote whether the tax shall be levied upon real estate alone or upon the real and personal property.

Sixth—For city and municipal expenses a vote of all the taxable inhabitants shall be taken at the first charter election after this act becomes a law, and by a majority vote it shall decide whether the expenses shall be met by a tax upon real and personal property. It is claimed that by bringing this question directly before the people for their action the Assessors will secure a more complete assessment than is now obtained.

Seventh—On or before June 1, 1899, the Assessors all over the State shall complete a new roll of tax assessment under the direction of the Comptroller of all real estate, taxing it at its full cost value, including all unoccupied and unimproved lands, city and village lots. This will remove one great evil, as it places all unoccupied lands now held for speculative purposes, at full value, which are now taxed at a nominal sum.

It is claimed that the income tax is the most just tax of any, as it is placed only on incomes above \$1,500, and is upon persons only

Men of the Minute—No. 7.



HARRY CORNISH—PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR, ETC.

BERNARD SHAW'S "MAN OF DESTINY"

AT A MATINEE.

By Alan Dale.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW leads into New York occasionally. He is eccentric, with a soul above bodied mutton and commonplace. Sometimes the reckless and canny-minded Mansfield affects Mr. Shaw, and it is to Mr. Mansfield that we owe the presentation of "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple." But as a rule actor-managers, artist-managers and janitor-managers look askance at Bernard. One of his most brilliant plays was rejected in London by Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery because the main scene occurred in a dentist's sanctum. Probably had he been laid in a glade, with a silver moon, all would have been well.

At the Empire Theatre yesterday afternoon Mr. Sargent's nice young man, Napoleon, gave us Bernard Shaw's "Man of Destiny" for the first time in America. In England it was played for copyright purposes at Croydon, and Mr. Shaw says that it affronted the stupefied inhabitants of that suburb in the guise of a blood-and-thunder historical drama, and drove the critics to the verge of absolute mendacity.

Of this we had an opportunity of judging yesterday. I had read "The Man of Destiny," and was simply pining to see it staged. It dealt with Napoleon Bonaparte before he grew that horrible kiosk curl, and it seemed to me to be palpant and apropos. Bernard Shaw always reads well. He is an exceedingly literary person.

On the stage "The Man of Destiny," as a matter of fact, was for about two-thirds of its length breathlessly interesting, witty, human and charming. And then it palled. Mr. Shaw didn't know where to leave off. As he doesn't believe in denouements, he kept on, and on, one good thing leading him on to another. It seemed as though he couldn't bring things to a head. Long before "The Man of Destiny" was over you were tired out and sleepy.

Yet it is a delightful little affair, beginning at

most like a comic opera, with the trick of a woman, who, in order to secure Napoleon's papers (among which was a compromising letter) donned male garb and enjoyed a susceptible lieutenant into yielding them up to her. This occurred before the play opened. When we saw the young woman at the close of the play, in her masculine rig, it really did seem as though nobody but a Harry B. Smith could have been deceived as to her sex.

Napoleon soon discovers the ruse, and meeting the woman at an inn in Tavazzana learns that she has the papers about her person. Then ensues a delightful fencing match between the man and the woman—one of those sparkling, witty bouts that always fascinate an audience. She takes refuge behind her sex. He is the stern soldier, who is not yet "temperer," but merely "the self-captain." He browbeats and bullies. She puns and scratches feebly. He is the bear. She is the furtive cat. But she plays her cards well, and when the play comes to an end, the fatal letter is burned, and Napoleon and the lady are sitting in dulcet rete a tete.

"I wonder if Caesar's wife would be above suspicion if she saw us here together," murmurs the lady, and Napoleon, with his elbows on the table, echoes, as the curtain falls: "I wonder." If a dramatic manager were to produce this play (it called a dramatic manager the shrewd and enterprising individual whom grumblers do not speculate) he would chop about twenty minutes from "The Man of Destiny," and the place would then be a perfect little gem—one of the most delightful things that any audience could wish to see.

A young woman named Grace Merritt distinguished herself very signally as the lady in the case. It was a performance that would do credit to any stage—I don't care whether it be London or New York, the Empire or the Haymarket. It was a well-thought-out, witty, subtle piece of acting, and Miss Merritt has a large and a luminous future. She reminded me of Mrs. Tree in "The Bunch of Violets." Napoleon, however, was very much of a pupil, with the walk of a caged lion. Still this young man had evidently been taught the value of pauses, and though he never managed to get beneath the surface of his role, he did not detract from the interest of the piece. Mr. Sargent

A Reminder.

Now the hero sailed away into the east. Gentle breezes kissed the tall brow, yet he regarded them not much of any. But soon some typhoons kissed him thus, and then it was different.

"This is like Chicago girls!" exclaimed the hero, after being buffeted about the deck awhile. But happily there were no reporters near.—Detroit Journal.

A Lesson in History.

Little Frances—Papa, my teacher told me to ask you to tell me something about Victor Hugo. Tomorrow she wants me to tell the class what was the most important thing he ever did.

Papa (who pretends to know it all)—Victor Hugo founded the Hugonots—but, say, tell your teacher I'm payin' school taxes and I don't propose to have to do her work. Make her tell you about it.

No Mistake.

The people of Chicago had lynched an African man in passion. In the calmer hour, to some misgivings had come.

"Perhaps we have made a mistake!" faltered these.

"What, with his certificate of election to the Common Council in his pocket?" cried others, who were of sterner stuff.

Clearly, there was no going behind the returns, —Detroit Journal.

Trouble in Mars.

The people of the planet Mars were in a fever. "A bas Yerkes!" they were shouting; French, you know, is spoken everywhere.